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HARD LABOR  
AND  
OTHER POEMS  
BY  
JOHN CARTER



THE  
**LABADIE  
COLLECTION**

ACQUIRED 1912



Ben Kizer

# **HARD LABOR**

## **AND OTHER POEMS**

**BY**  
**JOHN CARTER**



**NEW YORK**  
**THE BAKER & TAYLOR COMPANY**  
**1911**

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**TO  
ONE THAT TURNED NOT**



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## **HARD LABOR**



## HARD LABOR

### I

I WORK, and as the task is done I brood  
On what has been and what is yet to  
pass,

A life spilt from an idly-handled glass,  
And days as this, an endless multitude.

Labor and brooding—is there then no  
rest?

Day follows day, and in the silent  
nights

Throng ghostly memories of past de-  
lights,

Faces I loved, and lips that I have pressed,

[ 3 ]

## HARD LABOR

Until the sullen, deep-toned morning bell  
Wakes me to face a yesterday again  
With all its bitter agony of pain.  
Thou didst not linger, Dante, in thy hell.

They say the torture's gone, the dawn's  
arisen,  
Mercy, to angered hearts a suitor  
strange,  
Has begged her own; yet this they  
cannot change,  
I have been free, and I am here in prison.

## HARD LABOR

### II

WE bear upon us different brands of  
shame,  
And some the outward insults cannot  
brook,  
The gaoler's ready oath, the scornful  
look,  
While others grieve in silence; yet the  
same

Rebellious thoughts we share; we hate  
alike  
The grudging hand that offers us its  
dole,  
And in the deep recesses of the soul  
The eager voice, half-stifled, whispers  
"strike!"

A brave pretence we make of merriment,  
Cut-throats and thieves, a jolly mur-  
derous crew;

[ 5 ]



## HARD LABOR

“The Devil’s Own Brigade” — he  
spake most true,  
And here and there, who knows? one  
innocent.

Nay, we are innocent all, we never stole,  
A madman has condemned us; it may  
be  
We shall go hence to-morrow, pardoned, free.  
Free in the body, yes. But in the soul?

## HARD LABOR

### III

O THOU belovèd of the cloud-dark hair,  
Whose hands I clasp no more, whose  
lips I crave,

O thou who art so beautiful and brave,  
Avert thine eyes; look not on my despair.

I have not breathed thy name since first  
this gate

Shut, and the wall upreared its frown-  
ing height,

Unless some stealthy turnkey in the  
night

Has heard a whisper, sobbing-passionate.

Four gaunt years have I mouldered in  
this place,

Am I not then repentant of my sin?

I know not, for my heart is dead  
within,

Thou art so far — I cannot see thy face.

[ 7 ]

## HARD LABOR

And yet, if thou hadst died, I had returned

To holy thoughts and long-forgotten prayers.

So might thy God be cozened unawares  
To yield a moment of His heaven unearned.

## HARD LABOR

### IV

LABOR and brooding, and a shattered  
Grail,

And at the last a few square feet of  
earth,

What care I for your jargon of new  
birth?

To live and strive again, again to fail?

The deadly sin atoned, the shame forgot,  
To rise triumphant to a Love-God's  
breast

I crave not. Mine the certainty of  
rest.

Ruthless I lived; unpitied let me rot.



## CON SORDINI

**THERE** is but silence; yet in thought I  
heard

The desperate chords of that wild  
polonaise,

The sixth of Chopin's wizardry, but  
blurred,

As o'er a battle-field a mournful haze  
Blots out the dying from the dead  
men's gaze.

Why, all the pageantry of war was there,  
Cannon and standard, ruined hearth  
ablaze,

The muffled roll of death-drum, trumpet-  
blare,

And lonely women, mute in measureless  
despair.

## HARD LABOR

Nay, this is Cornwall; hear ye not Isold'  
Cry to her lover in the starlit night?  
Swiftly, thou puppet-hero, seize and hold,  
Until with blood-red fire the heaven's  
alight.

Ah! on the morrow, Tristan, thou shalt  
fight;  
Thou art foredoomed to loneliness and  
pain.

Thy valiant arm, invincible for right,  
Upraised in evil, conquers not again.  
Soon in thine ear she pours full-throated  
song in vain.

The violins are hushed; a somber chord  
Startles the dim cathedral; tremblingly  
Pure boyish voices supplicate their Lord,  
Chanting a dirge-like minor melody.

"In Babylon we wept, remembering  
thee,  
O Zion" . . . but they know not what  
they sing.

## CON SORDINI

“Out of the depths, O Lord” . . . but  
they are free,  
And through their veins the hot blood,  
rioting,  
Attunes their care-free hearts to madri-  
gals of spring.

Ye that have tamed the wilderness of  
sound,  
Of your proud minstrelsy my share I  
claim.

I have not, in the darkness here fast-  
bound,  
Denied the brilliance of your sacred  
flame.

There is no power in agony or shame  
To bar me from the fire-crowned heights  
ye hold.

In deepest silence, I may hear the same  
Unearthly music that I loved of old.  
I crave no dole, who draw from stores of  
wealth untold.





## BALLADE OF MISERY AND IRON

HAGGARD faces and trembling knees,  
Eyes that shine with a weakling's hate,  
Lips that mutter their blasphemies,  
Murderous hearts that darkly wait:  
These are they who were men of late,  
Fit to hold a plough or a sword.  
If a prayer this wall may penetrate,  
Have pity on these my comrades, Lord!

Poets sing of life at the lees  
In tender verses and delicate;  
Of tears and manifold agonies —  
Little they know of what they prate.  
Out of this silence, passionate  
Sounds a deeper, a wilder chord.  
If a song be heard through the narrow  
grate,  
Have pity on these my comrades, Lord!

## HARD LABOR

Hark, that wail of the distant breeze,  
Piercing ever the close-barred gate,  
Fraught with torturing memories  
Of eyes that kindle and lips that mate.  
Ah, by the loved ones desolate  
Whose anguish never can pen record,  
If Thou be truly compassionate,  
Have pity on these my comrades, Lord!

## L'ENVOI

These are pawns that the hand of Fate  
Careless sweeps from the checker-  
board.  
Thou that know'st if the game be straight,  
Have pity on these my comrades,  
Lord!

## BALLADE OF TWILIGHT AND SILENCE

RUMBLE and whir of dray and car,  
Thousand feet on the great highway,  
Torturing chords that throb and jar,  
A restless melody, wildly gay.  
Under the lilt o' the tune they play,  
The silent grief of the city lies,  
And menacing-swift, at close of day,  
The shadows fall and the music dies.

Deep in the virgin woods afar,  
A thrush pours forth his soul to the  
May,  
And never a hurried note shall mar  
The ecstasy of the magic lay.  
In drowsy measure the branches sway  
Till the sun burns low in the cloudless  
skies,

## HARD LABOR

And peacefully upon leaf and spray  
The shadows fall, and the music dies.

Out of the dark where no songs are,  
I that have sinned and gone astray,  
Moth-like, lift mine eyes to a star,  
Voicelessly to a far God pray.  
See, from His heav'n in bright array  
A messenger to the dim cell flies!  
The echoes wake to his singing — nay,  
The shadows fall and the music dies.

## L'ENVOI

O belovèd, I know as they,  
This is the one thing right and wise.  
Weep no longer, now and for aye  
The shadows fall and the music dies.

## LUX E TENEBRIS

At the day's end your lamp is lit,  
And I that wander am glad of it.  
I may not sip of the glowing fire  
That burns in your eyes, O Heart's  
    Desire.

But out of the lantern's steadfast gleam  
In utmost dark I weave me a dream.

The line forms sullenly; there is no  
    sound,

Save a sharp voice that rasps its "For-  
    ward march!"

The shuffling feet creep onward through  
    the arch;

Locks clatter; and in weariness profound  
Most sink unconscious to a dreamless  
    sleep,

## HARD LABOR

While some few through the night long  
vigil keep.

With the sunrise your voice lifts clear,  
And I that wander afar may hear.  
Vainly harps the wind in the trees  
That ever the song accompanies.  
But out of the harmony incomplete  
I weave an anthem of praise, my sweet.

Ah, we that knew the better from the  
worse

Our deeper guilt must pay a thousand-  
fold.

In mourning garb come those we loved  
of old

And some weep silently; but others curse.  
"Ye filled the cup; why should ye not  
then drink?"

The words are just; our whipped souls  
can but shrink.

## LUX E TENEBRIS

But the lamp's alight, and the clear,  
proud song  
Shall reach to the throne of God ere long.  
The night must pass, and a strange, new  
dawn  
Burst upon field and copse and lawn;  
For out of the warp of shame and tears  
I weave the joy of the coming years.





## PRISON SONG

THOU that hast cherished me,  
Thou of my starveling life the nobler  
part,  
From the shamed sorrow of thy Calvary  
Look up, dear heart!

Dark is the silent night.  
Yet do I hear the restless winds afar;  
Lo in the east the somber heaven's alight,  
Shines forth a star.

Eagerly I crave life,  
Scorning the thousand shadows that  
assail.  
Thou hast so armed me for the utmost  
strife,  
I dare not fail.



## PRISON SONNET

I DREAMED the woman who is all my care  
Had stretched her arms to me; a  
    weakling's tear  
Dropped to my cheek unbidden; near,  
    so near  
She seemed, I strove to touch in my de-  
    spair  
The empress' coronal of night-hued hair.  
    But anguish graven on her face I read,  
    And in a sudden agony of dread  
I forced my lips to unaccustomed prayer:

“If Thou art God, despite my unbelief,  
    Guard her who hath not sinned against  
    Thy word,  
Who hath not mocked Thee in her deep-  
    est grief;

## **HARD LABOR**

**So shall my mouth revile no more, O  
Lord!"**

**Sleep veiled from me the splendor of her  
eyes.**

**Who knows if it be thus that He replies?**

## INTROIT

**THE** very blind  
A noble heritage of song may seize,  
A broad domain, wherein the uncon-  
quered mind  
May rest at ease.

And we who dwell  
Within the shadow that the glad world  
casts,  
Against our tyranny of shame rebel  
While music lasts.

Life hath no chain  
Beyond the power of joyous song to  
break.  
Hark! in the mystery of the pure strain  
God is awake.



## OUT OF THE DEPTHS

BEATEN, blinded and maimed,  
    Stabbed with a twist of the knife,  
Broken, branded and shamed —  
    Some of us call it life.

Maybe you call it life,  
    Torn from all you held dear,  
Out in the light your wife,  
    And you in the dark, you here.

Ruled by a wave of the hand,  
    Watched and bolted and barred;  
Maybe it's God's command,  
    Some of us call it hard.





## A VISION OF RELEASE

WHAT rarest hues enrich the dingy street!

What unimagined harmonies arise!

And every beggar-maiden that I meet

Is fit to grace a throne in Paradise.

Ah, such a greeting laughs from lips  
and eyes,

It seems the sternest anchorite would  
hear

The swelling note of joy that underlies

This chord of fellowship; clear and more  
clear

The quivering strings resound in hearts  
that know not fear.

Yet is the city wearisome; I pass

Beyond its gates to where the sunlight  
falls

In noon-day brilliancy on the cool grass,

[ 31 ]

## HARD LABOR

And from his hidden nest a bluebird  
calls.

Comrades of yesterday, within your  
walls

Ye faint beneath your load of misery.

Here am I spouse of Nature, in whose  
halls

I rule a revel, turbulently free.

The pensive river smiles; the hills laugh  
back at me.

Hour upon hour I drink my fill of this,

Deep-sunk in ecstasy; till twilight  
creeps

Over the landscape; and the night-winds  
kiss

The trembling poplar; and the shy  
moon peeps

From the dark chamber where her  
master sleeps.

Poor, starvèd folk that have escaped the  
chain,

## A VISION OF RELEASE

Ye know not how the enfranchised  
spirit leaps  
To greet the wanderer, fair Night,  
again  
Whose loveliness outlasts infinities of pain.

Night, and the surge and sweep of new  
desire  
That blots to nothingness the written  
line.

At last my eager footsteps may aspire  
To where sirocco mates with Apennine.  
Proud Rome and dark Byzantium are  
mine  
And she who queens it o'er the  
Cyclades.

Mohammed calls me to his ancient  
shrine,  
Egypt unveils her deepest mysteries,  
Of rose and nightingale murmurs a Per-  
sian breeze.

. . . . .

## HARD LABOR

The wind-song fails; closed are the  
temple-gates;

The revelry is hushed, the vision spent.  
Reluctantly the ling'ring mind awaits  
New dawn and old, unchanging dis-  
content.

"Are they indeed so spotless-innocent  
Who draw away from me their gar-  
ments' hem?

If I be slave of slaves, what punish-  
ment  
Shall an almighty God reserve for  
them?"

So in my waking thought I judge, and I  
condemn.

## SHELLEY

WE talked of Shelley far into the night  
Till the proud stars, his playmates,  
jealously  
Looked down upon your eyes that, daz-  
zling-bright,  
Would rob their lover of his loyalty.  
I pray, if the Most High may grant  
one plea,  
A fragment of that ecstasy to keep.  
The actual, breathing moments may  
not be,  
Yet a rewarding harvest may I reap;  
There is no drought can parch the  
shadow-field of sleep.

We cherished most the tender, bird-like  
songs;

## HARD LABOR

Not ours to measure doomed Pro-  
metheus' woe,  
Nor that sad maniac's, who bore his  
wrongs  
To listening Julian and Maddalo.  
Spring wakened love in us; we could  
not know  
The sordid question the long winter  
brought,  
Whether to make of misery a show,  
Of shame a merchandise, or as we ought  
To bear grief silently, the master-work  
unwrought.

As Shelley wrote in heart's blood, even so  
Unnumbered threnodies my pen in-  
dites,  
Of faithful love dishonored long ago,  
And dark remorse that fills the age-  
long nights.  
This, at the least, a world of pain re-  
quires;

## SHELLEY

Though on my pilgrimage no sun may  
shine,

I follow not the lure of wand'ring lights,  
But till, Samaritan, your hand clasps  
mine,

I stagger feebly on to the far-distant  
shrine.





## A SEPTIME OF DESPAIR

How weary are the hours!  
The long, long years how slow!  
Time, palsied, scarce devours  
The minutes as they go.  
My cringing spirit cowers  
Before unworshipped powers.  
Lord! Must these things be so?

How weary are the hours!  
The long, long years how slow!  
I mock your tales of towers,  
Of heroes long ago.  
Spring scatters down her showers,  
I reck not of her flowers.  
Lord! Must these things be so?

How weary are the hours!  
The long, long years how slow!

## **HARD LABOR**

**For, though the dark sky lowers  
Above our shame, we know  
That there be magic bowers  
That jessamine endowers.  
Lord! Must these things be so?**

**How weary are the hours!  
The long, long years how slow!**

## A ROSE IN THE WILDERNESS

THEY have spilt the wine, they have  
shattered the cup,

They have prisoned me.

The songs that I sang are scarce stored up  
In memory.

But hither, where naught but henbane  
grows,

God has sent me a wild, red rose  
And my heart is free.

Your love came light as a breeze in May,  
As a raindrop's patter,  
A chance word dropped in an artless way  
In random chatter.

But the love that came so light, my dear,  
Has made of this grim old prison here  
A little matter.

## **HARD LABOR**

**Parley not with haggard Despair  
In the lonely nights;  
Let him not shroud the distant flare  
Of the beacon-lights.  
A few scant years of shamed defeat,  
Then with your arms about me, sweet,  
Then — to the heights!**

## PRISON SERENADE

THIS is the outer darkness,  
Hither shines never a ray.  
Souls are deadened and damned,  
Lips have forgotten to pray.  
Out of the silent shadows  
Comes the sound of a lute,  
And, is it sobbing or singing?  
Close the mouth of the brute.

“Eyes, blue eyes, and hair of gold,  
Are they yet as they were of old?  
And lips so red?  
Softly tread  
Over the ashes; love is dead.”

THIS is the realm of silence,  
Speech is not, but cries,

## HARD LABOR

Strange and dark and terrible,  
Out of the stillness rise.  
Cries, and hark! that whisper,  
Is it speech or a blur?  
“Have not pity on me, O Lord,  
Lord! Have pity on her!”

“Quit ye like men,” they tell us,  
“Whine, nor quarrel, nor faint;  
So, our brothers in heaven,  
Ye shall be free of taint.”  
And in the silent shadows  
Quivers the lute’s soft chord,  
And ever mumbles the crime-scarred,  
“Pity not me, O Lord!”

## TO LOVE UNCHANGING

**THEY** do no evil to imprison me.

Else might I not this faithfulness revere  
Of love that keeps no count of day nor  
year,

Else might I not drink deep this ecstasy.

The lifting of the cloud when I am free

May light a life new-born, but in her  
eyes

Who blessed the beauty of the darkened  
skies

No more beloved, nor worthier can I be.

What wonder that I proudly hold my  
head,

Or that I bear with ease my little frets?

Such memories as these are not regrets,



## **HARD LABOR**

**They are the ladder's rungs that I must  
tread.**

**In one pure realm, fair as the maiden  
spring,**

**No malefactor am I, but a King.**

## AS I LEAP FORTH

As I leap forth  
Into a strange, kind world, a moment halt  
My footsteps; and the chance which  
    makes my worth  
I weigh with that mischance they call my  
    fault.

This joy that springs  
From the dank swamp of hideous misery  
I am not worthy; but the gay thrush  
    sings  
Triumphant, and the sun smiles down on  
    me.

Unreal it seems,  
Half ecstasy, half weariness and pain;  
For so I fear this haven of my dreams  
Shall vanish, and the storm come back  
    again.

## **HARD LABOR**

**Past, it is past.**

**Before the sweep of dawn the shadows  
flee.**

**I, from the heart of life long since out-  
cast,**

**Return, in body as in spirit, free.**

# **IN THE GREATER PRISON**



## THE TRAMP'S TALE

It's a desolate world to-night,  
Cold and leafless and murky white.  
The drunken moon adrift in the sky  
Hides and emerges fitfully.  
The wind to a whining prayer is bent,  
A mendicant's prayer, impenitent.

Dirty and torn to a rag,  
My coat is the thing I am,  
A thing for a decent man to damn.  
My feet that lag  
On the twisting tracks have burst  
Through to the knife-keen air; and  
thirst  
Wrings and maddens the soul of me.

## HARD LABOR

Free, I said, free!  
From the eternal monotony of the old  
time,  
The feeble slaving for a fool's reward,  
The cant of folk "for ever with the Lord,"  
Whose solemn-folded hands are steeped  
in slime.

Free too from those  
Whose clinging lips suck out between  
their kisses  
The souls of men, who shower a thousand  
woes  
For every of their petty, doled out blisses,  
And at the last  
Laugh at the starveling from their arms  
outcast.

So I felt as I drifted  
Forth to the road, and I lifted  
My voice in a measured song:

## THE TRAMP'S TALE

"I heard in the dusty town  
The call of the wanton June,  
And straight over dale and down  
I followed the breathless tune,  
Till, past man's farthest abode,  
In a region of drought and dearth,  
I sought, by a winding road,  
The utmost ends of the earth.

"And soon, in the desert places  
Beyond the horizon's rim,  
The eager, sorrowful faces  
Of those I had loved grew dim.  
But the sun and the careless breeze  
For the old griefs offered amends,  
And the olden melodies  
I sang to the stars, my friends.

"Yet Night, as a magic cup  
Commingled of wine and tears,  
Hath memories treasured up  
Of those our radiant years;



## HARD LABOR

And, deep as the grave that lies  
Between you and my defeat,  
The mystery of your eyes  
I have not forgotten, sweet."

Truly a notable song, and quite sincere  
As far as it went;  
Only they made the truth appear  
Awkward and different.  
A charming tale of a girl is the one they  
tell,  
Of a babe new-born,  
Left lonely to face the hell  
Of the world's scorn.

Free, I said, free!  
And fate comes behind and scourges me,  
Till I fling scarred hands to the sky, and  
curse  
The God that made me a something worse  
Than His meanest brutes, and for all my  
pains

## THE TRAMP'S TALE

Loads and galls me with thoughts for  
chains,

Black thoughts I am doomed for ever to  
think —

Ah . . . give me drink.



## THE POET FROM HIS GARRET

ARROGANTLY,  
Above the dazzling city, darkness-zoned,  
I look down on the fools that scoff at me,  
As one enthroned.

Sadly the street  
Its never-ending monotone uplifts.  
Across the silent heavens, fearing-fleet,  
The pale moon drifts.

Long, long ago  
A maiden watched from every storied  
tower,  
And to the meanest churl that sighed  
below  
Might cast a flower.

## **HARD LABOR**

**Canst thou not see  
My deep-red rose that lies beneath the  
lamp?  
Nay, o'er the luckless petals, wantonly  
A thousand tramp.**

## DESPAIR IN LONDON

It was but yesterday that London seemed  
The gateway to a kingdom of romance,  
Upbuilt with mansions where no harm  
might chance  
The wanderer, of whose vast halls I  
dreamed  
Myself a conqueror. I little deemed  
That in the happiness of thy bright  
glance  
Lay all my triumph, all the radiance  
That on my pilgrimage a moment  
gleamed.  
To-day is sorrow's, and the dull streets  
moan  
In sombre answer to my stifled cry.  
But hearing not, the stranger-souls  
throng by,

## HARD LABOR

Each with his separate burden, forward  
faced  
To some dim goal, whence with relentless  
haste  
Again to-morrow he shall pass, unknown.

Six barren years of shame, and at the  
last  
An ecstasy beyond my power to sing  
Of love supernal, re-awakening  
Within my soul dim creeds long since out-  
cast.  
What matter? They are vanished, over-  
past,  
The raptured moments of our golden  
spring,  
And twicfold grief is ours, remember-  
ing  
Their fulness through the dreary winter-  
fast.  
O laughter-laden Muse, I weave no  
more

## DESPAIR IN LONDON

Gay crowns of hyacinth for thy fair  
head,

The madrigal is still, to darkness sped  
The lawless torch of fantasy, whose light,  
Flaunted so lately in the face of Night,  
No ministry of labor may restore.

O sov'ran city, 'neath whose ancient sway  
Gigantic empire-forces strive and  
strain,

Hear'st thou, amid the tumult of thy  
pain,

The piping dirge-note of the tune I play.

Ah no, the harsh, inexorable gray

Of tower and tenement I search in vain,

No laurel-garland weave I, but a chain

Whose galling links shall fetter me for  
aye.

So that unshaken trust on which I  
lean,

And all our memories, shall be as  
nought.



## HARD LABOR

No cross shall mark the battle that we  
fought,  
No song commemorate the hours of gold,  
Only the sluggish river shall enfold  
Once more to its embrace a thing  
obscene.

## NEW YORK NIGHT

A SUMMER day grows old,  
And a moment over the town  
The towers are aflame with gold,  
As the sun goes down.

Tired workers homeward throng  
In an endless, hurrying stream,  
And folly awakes ere long  
To its hour supreme.

At last, from square and park,  
Like a shadow, the silence creeps,  
Café and saloon grow dark,  
And the city sleeps.

So, when life's tumults cease,  
May the noise of the restless fight  
Be merged in the sacred peace  
Of a summer night.



## THE DEATH OF THE FIRSTBORN

“WEEP not, belovèd; for the all-wise God,  
That takes this little life to Him  
again,  
Is yet all-kind; His weary feet have  
trod  
The road of pain.”

“He has not borne the burden of my grief,  
Else would He not have robbed me of  
my son.  
How can I say of your almighty Thief  
His will be done?”

“We may not question Him; our babe  
that sleeps  
Shall not the sorrows of the world  
endure.

## HARD LABOR

Nay, let us think Him merciful, who  
    keeps  
The lips so pure."

"But I could minister to his despair,  
    His deepest infamy I could atone.  
There is no prison that I could not share  
    Save this alone."

"Yet if, my sweet, another there shall be,  
    Whose greedy lips shall hang upon  
    your breast,  
Will you not then in new-found joy  
    agree  
God's way is best?"

"There is no other that can take his place.  
    Peace there may be; but this shall  
    not depart;  
Now and for ever is my baby's face  
    Graved on my heart."

## BEYOND

Is it as that one said,  
Who saw between our frank, desiring eyes  
Veil upon veil beside our power to tear?  
Are we then prisoners, who may not share  
Our servitude, until the body lies  
    In its last bed?

Nay, even at the end  
He said we should not know, but dream-  
    lessly  
Wait for a nothingness, till, blotted out  
From this wild book wherein we read  
    but doubt,  
Our very memories shall cease to be,  
    And cease to blend.

Why does he speak of rest?  
As those storm-driven ones whom Dante  
    hailed  
Amid the depths, better it were to toss

## HARD LABOR

Hither and thither, shouldering a cross,  
Until our claspèd arms have flagged and  
    failed,  
Your lips have pressed

Mine without agony,  
And heart has called no more to answ'ring  
    heart.

Ah, we are slaves, entangled by a lure  
Of fate, and bound together to endure  
The eternal fool's-parade of life and art  
    Unchangingly.

I will not have it so,  
There is no veil shall hide your soul from  
    mine.

From star to star, onward and upward  
    borne;

We shall but laugh death's menaces to  
    scorn,

Seeking at last what else may be divine,  
    Save that we know.

## A SONG FOR YOUR BIRTHDAY

LIGHT words spring from thy lips,  
As I listen and dream,  
Like the rustle of fairy ships  
On a fairy stream.

Proud looks flash from thine eyes,  
So proud, my sweet,  
The shadow of evil lies  
Dead at thy feet.

Thy soul is a sheltered close,  
In whose twilight deeps  
Full many a wild wood-rose  
Blossoms and sleeps.

Belovèd, through whom I guess  
At a light divine,  
Passionate, measureless,  
Thy heart is mine.

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## SUNSET ON THE DORSET COAST

A FINE rain drips on the sluggish sea  
And the barren down,  
The mist enshrouds with its panoply  
The dreary town,  
And far aloft in a settled gloom,  
Vast sentinels of decay and doom,  
The dull cliffs frown.

In a cold embrace the shadows fall  
On the ocean's breast,  
Bitter the pain of the gull's harsh call  
Winged to its nest.  
But ere the tyrannous hand of Night  
Can grasp Day's sceptre, a sudden light  
Startles the west.

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## HARD LABOR

The storm-clouds quiver and gleam and  
flare,  
As the dying sun  
With gold and crimson, radiant-rare,  
Tints one by one;  
And clear to the ocean's farthest line,  
A web of fire as gossamer fine  
The Master has spun.

Slowly the splendor wanes and dies,  
While the dark cliffs stand  
As naked truth a mirage of lies  
Born to command;  
Till the moon in elfin ecstasy  
Tips with a glamor of faery  
The desolate strand.

## BELIEF

THERE is a God above the tenement  
Who knows its misery, but gives no  
sign;  
A holy Spirit, puissant, divine,  
Yet is the sword sheathed and the gold  
unspent.  
I, that would be with little gods content,  
I, that have worshipped at a mortal  
shrine,  
Under such weight of mystery am bent,  
Nor may belief nor faith in Him be  
mine.

O friend, it is not granted me to trust  
In One all-powerful, but this I know:  
Our souls that 'mid this sea of life and lust  
Are derelicts the winds toss to and fro,  
Beyond the confines of the charted seas  
In a fair anchorage might ride at ease.



## FREEDOM

### I

I WILL go back to those for whom I cried,  
Outcasts and thieves and slayers of  
their kind,

I will go back with a contented mind,  
For there, in bondage, may rich truth  
abide.

There, at the least, is hate not deified,  
And those I welcomed as my friends  
were free

Of that inexpiable infamy  
By whose dread weight o'erburdened,  
Ferrer died.

No need have I of joy, no fear of pain,  
There, in the stillness, none may chain  
my thought.

## **HARD LABOR**

**Your trivial liberty, so dearly bought,  
Freely and gladly I give back again.  
I pray you, comrades, open wide your  
gate,  
Nay, pity not, I was with you of late.**

# FREEDOM

## II

INTO the gray world whither I return

Few wander who may voice its mystery.

One jester-priest there was, who curiously

Strove the calm face of Sorrow to discern,

Dropping her tears upon the gruesome urn.

He knew, who sang of Reading, all that lies

Behind the watchful penetrative eyes  
Of these my friends, save that he could not learn;

For, as bare hillsides through an evening mist

Are robed in dreams, so that firm-bolted grate,

Through which he could but gaze disconsolate,



## **HARD LABOR**

**Seems but a lattice where Delight keeps  
tryst,  
And they whose sins ye think beyond all  
cure  
To me are holy, in that they endure.**

# FREEDOM

## III

AN no, I may not seek, belovèd, there  
My haven; lest thine arms around me  
twine  
No longer, and thy lips, that breathe  
on mine  
Triumphantly, pale to a swift despair.  
The cross that I have given thee to bear  
Presses too hard, it must not crush  
thee, sweet,  
And this last hour of sorrowful defeat  
Must be forgotten in the joys we share.  
So much is won, we may not lose the rest;  
So much is known, we may not start  
nor shrink;  
If there be poison in the cup we drink  
Together, surely is it not unblest,  
And though to the great silence we depart  
I shall be prisoner within thy heart.

